Tainted love by buckyjbarnnes

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Summary:

A collection of drabbles about Steve and Billy's relationship.

Tainted love

Author's Note:

> I wrote this stuff on goddammed post-its during my classes because I literally have no shame. Please leave a comment!! Those are always welcome, particularly if you have nice or constructive things to say lmao. Also, english is not my first language and i did not proof read this so yeah, excuse any mistakes or whatever. The title of this thing is the same as the song by Soft Cell, and maybe (definitely) my favorite at the moment lmao... and i think y'all should listen to it too.
>
> Also, I'd like to add that I will go down with this trash ship because it is my new obsession.

Billy and Steve.

Steve and Billy.

They were gossip every day at school. The old King Asshole and the new one, hanging out all the time. People were shocked, mainly because this sort of thing was unheard of. They were supposed to be the nemesis of each other, just because of who they were, or more likely, because of who they were supposed to be. Even Nancy was baffled the first time she saw Steve leaving school on Billy's Camaro.

It was good people were baffled because of the friendship, because really, that was all it was to them. They had absolutely no idea about what went behind closed doors. They didn't know about the tender caresses, the whispered words in the middle of a school night, the actual love they felt for each other. They were oblivious to the secretive smiles they shared when they sat far in the back of the library where nobody could see, or the fact that whenever Billy leaned in his seat to whisper something in Steve's ear and made him laugh, it wasn't some lewd, crass joke, but something that only they could understand.

They didn't see past Steve and Billy.

Billy and Steve.

Steve can't believe this. He's having sort of an epiphany, and what it is revealing isn't all that nice. He had been hanging out with Billy Hargrove after he (incredibly) apologized to Steve a couple weeks ago, for being a dick, beating his face in fucking brutally, and terrorizing his newly found nerdy friends. The only problem is that if he were a normal guy, he'd differentiate between a truce, a friendship – if you could call whatever Steve and Billy had going on as that – and a fucking crush.

Apparently, just like every other girl that once swooned after him, now he was swooning after Billy fucking Hargrove, and admittedly, he didn't feel embarrassed that it was the case. It was what it was. Steve was only human, and Billy was beautiful in a really weird way. He was complicated, insufferable and an asshole, but he had this sort of charm and fire in him that Steve wasn't immune to.

Steve could make a list of all the things he liked about Billy. He could make an actual fucking list. And he guessed it wouldn't be crazy to like your friends and admire them, and see them as *beautiful* but Steve wasn't all that stupid, and he knew that he liked Billy. Far too much to just call it a fraternal kind of love, like what he felt for Dustin.

He really liked Billy.

Steve was fucked.

Steve.

That's all that clouded his thoughts. It didn't matter the time of the day, or if he was conscious. He breathed, dreamed and ate *Steve*. He wasn't even mad at that, if he was being honest. He liked the idea of always having Steve in his thoughts, because the guy was worth all the beautiful things in this world and more.

Billy couldn't focus anymore, or do any of the things he used to do. He had tried just last week, in a desperate attempt to recover who he used to be before Steve. He went out with his 'friends' to some dumb party and did the keg thing again, but failed miserably. His head was drifting to the thought of Steve's hair, and lips, and fucking dumb smile all night.

Having Steve next to him late at night was dreamy, and even better was waking up next to him. Even when he couldn't have that, he was happy about just sitting behind Steve in Trig. Just being in close proximity to Steve made his head *swim*.

Steve was wonderful, and more than anything Billy deserved. He sometimes wondered how he was so lucky to end up with a boy like that by his side, after all he'd done anyways. Sometimes, when he laid all alone at night, he wondered if it was all a dream, but then the day came, and he saw Steve smiling at him, saying "Hello sunshine," in a whisper almost, and he realized that Steve had chosen him, for whatever reason.

Deep down, he knew Steve felt the same way as he did, if the way his eyes sparkled and shined when he saw Billy was anything to go by. It was impossible not to melt under that gaze.

He loved Steve, although he never thought he could or would feel something so strong and almost *pure* for someone else, seeing as he was so fucked up.

But he'd done it for Steve, because Steve was always the exception.

The rustling in the bushes doesn't stop them. *It must be an animal or something,* Billy thinks. Steve is close, oh so close to it, that it would be a literal sin to stop now. Billy is crazy about the boy; the sounds he makes, the way his cock feels in his hand, the way his expensive cologne mixes with his own, and his red bitten lips. He loves the way he makes Steve fluster and gasp. He loves bringing him to the edge every time he gets the chance to.

No fucking rustling outside the car was going to stop Billy from

making Steve come hard. He didn't give a shit if it was actually someone spying on them. No one was going to ruin this for them. He wouldn't stop even if it was his asshole of a father standing right outside of his window.

The rustling doesn't stop, but neither do the sounds Steve's doing. He's moaning, and gasping and then choking out Billy's name and staring at him right into his eyes. Billy could just come from watching Steve be so utterly fucked.

He kisses Steve, absorbing all of his sounds, while he massages with his finger very briefly the slit of his dick, and then continues to fuck his fist expertly and very fast, because Steve's seriously starting to lose it.

The rustling gets louder, but it doesn't stop them.

"C'mon Steve, cum for me," Billy says lowly, his lips still brushing Steve's parted ones. " 'S it baby, do it for me," and the pet name seems to do it, because soon enough, Steve is shooting his load with a loud cry, and coating Billy's hand with cum. Billy keeps jerking him off through his orgasm while he kisses and bites Steve's lips.

Steve looks fucked out and dazed, but he doesn't miss a second when it comes to returning the favor to Billy. By the end of it, the windows of the Camaro are fogged and they continue kissing, now more relaxed and sated.

Billy forgot all about the rustling. If it was someone creeping on them, then they'll deal with it later. Feeling Steve's warm body against his is all that matters to him at the moment. Really, Steve's all that matters to him *all the time*.